

In the Castle by QadgopTheMercotan

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Summary:

One of the gang remembers Will Byers, long after. Really just a one-paragraph Kerouac madlib, but what the heck.

In the Castle

So in Indiana when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down bits of wood that used to be his castle watching the dark, dark trees standing over Hawkins and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, over to the East Coast, over to whatever roads all three of them have followed over the years, to all the people dreaming in the immensities they don't know are there, and in every land on earth I know by now the children must be crying in the time when they realize their time together is ending, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that the Devil is a D&D monster? the evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the forest, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the past, darkens all present truths, cups the peaks and counts the final XP, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing up, I think of Will Byers, I even think of Old Will Byers the brother we let go even after we found him again, I think of Will Byers.

Author's Note:

In Seasons 1 & 2 of Stranger Things I couldn't for the life of me remember which one was Mike and which one was Will; Season 3 whompingly changed that. Even a guy in his fifties knows that terrible, inevitable feeling when you and your previous world grow away from each other.